



POISON  
IVY



DUSTY  
DANE



REYNOLDS  
OF THE  
MOUNTED



ZERO



MICKEY  
FINN

# FEATURE

COMICS



MARCH

STARRING  
THE DOLL MAN



LALA PALOOZA



RANCE KEANE



SPIN SHAW



SAMAR



No. 42 · 10¢



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



**READ**

# **FEATURE COMICS**

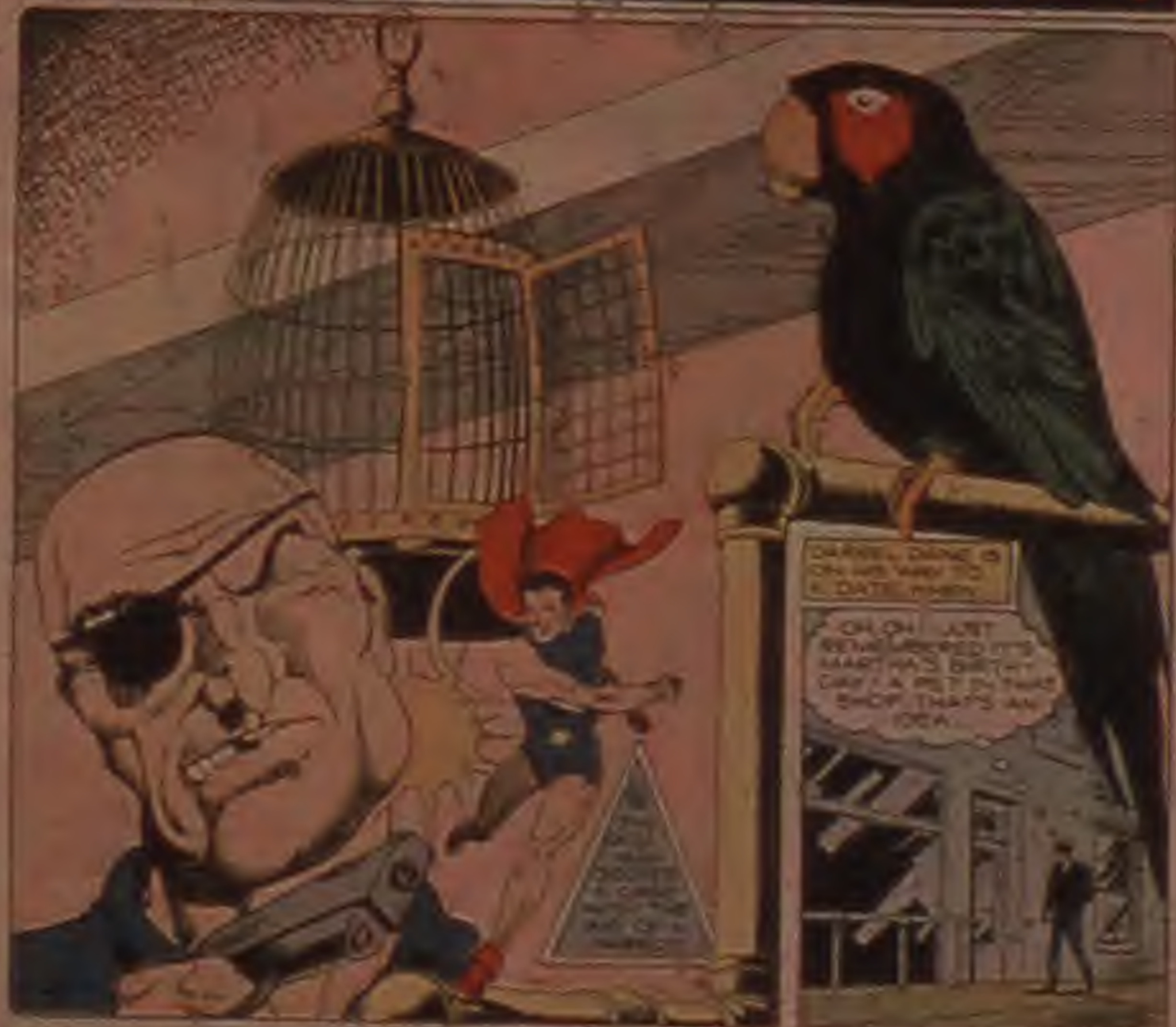
each month for the best in action, mystery, adventure  
and humor.

Starring The Doll Man, Lala Palooza, Spin Shaw,  
Big Top, Rance Keane, Poison Ivy, Samar, Reynolds  
of The Mounted, Zero, Homer Doodle and Son, Bruce  
Blackburn, Rusty Ryan, Mickey Finn, Dusty Dane and  
USA, The Spirit of Old Glory. **FEATURE COMICS**  
is the "Tops" in monthly comic magazines.

Order your copy of the April issue of **FEATURE  
COMICS** from your regular newsdealer now—on sale  
February 26th.



# THE DOLL MAN



HE ENTERS THE SHOP



WE'VE HAVE THE CUTEST LITTLE DOLL DUTY FOR A YOUNG LADY



WOULD DARREL AND THE SHOP KEEPER TAKE HIM INTO THE BULLY ON THE FLOOR IN ITS BASKET AND



THE LADDERY FRAMES THE LITTLE DOG

















THEY WERE GOING TO KNOW  
WHAT HE MEANT ALL THE TOLL  
MAN OF ALL THE DINGS



DURING THE FIGHT CAPTAIN  
ROCKO STOMPS OUT IN ANGER



HE HURRIES TO THE PET SHOP



UNKNOWN TO HIM A SMALL  
POUND HAD ENTERED WITH  
CAPTAIN ROCKO



I HOPE THE  
OLD BIRD WON  
KIND A LITTLE  
COMPANION



THEIR ROBBERY!  
HELP! HELP!  
POLICE!



QUIET YOU  
BLASTED BIRD!  
I'LL WRECK YOUR  
SCRAMMY NECK!



AS THE LAME ANGE SHARP  
OPEN THE DOORWAY LEAVE  
OUT WITH A BUCK TO THE  
CAPTAIN'S SHIP



AS THE PARROT IS SET  
ABOUT THE CASES COME  
TURNING DOWN





AS THE CRIBS TUMBLE DOWN,  
THE MONKEYS UNLOCK THE  
DOOR CATCHING RAO.



BEOLAH ENDS ALL THE  
LUNATIC YAKS OVER THE  
KEY STONE



WHAT'S ALL THE  
NOISE IN HERE?  
OH!



AM YOU'RE  
THE ONE I WANT  
TO SEE... YOU  
MUST KNOW  
WHERE THE  
TREASURE  
IS

BUT I  
DON'T



MEANWHILE THE ANIMALS  
HURRY GANGED UP ON THE  
GOLD MAN



HE'S FORCED TO FIGHT  
-VS. VARY OUT-



I DON'T  
LIKE TO ROCK  
YOU, FELLA  
I'LL TRY TO PULL  
MY PUNCHES



JAW!

BUT I GOTTA GET  
OUT OF HERE  
SORRY OLD  
BOY!

THE FIRST SHOTS ON AS  
CAPTAIN BELOO STANDS  
OUT AFTER THE FRIGHTENED  
JAW



I'LL MAKE  
YE TALK,  
WENCH!



CAPTAIN HOOCH LEAPS AWAY  
AS FAST AS HE CAN - BUT HE  
IS TOO UNCOORDINATE TO  
DO THE JOB.



THIS IS THE  
QUICKEST  
WAY OUT.



BUT AS THE SWIRL RINGS  
ROUND THEM, THE MAN TAKES  
THE OBJECT AND THE HUNTER.



DARE, DARE, DARE!  
AFTER THE COMBATANT  
FIGHTS.



BUT...



ONCE MORE AS THE DOG  
LEAPS HE MOUNTS THE  
BURNING AND SCALDS A LOT.





HE OR HE SEES THE SAILORS  
TERRORING JANE



THE WINDOW FRAME SHATTERS  
AND A SMALL BOLT OF  
LIGHTNING STRIKES IN



BOLLY JOINS THE  
FIGHT WITH SHARP  
KICKS AND BATTLING  
KICKS



EVEN THE  
FIGHT ADDS  
A SHADOW  
ON THE  
FACE OF  
THE MAN  
TO WIN



CAPTAIN ROODS FALLS OVER  
THE CHAIR AND IS DOWN FOR  
THE COURT







The Doll Man, America's outstanding comic, appears each month in FEATURE COMICS.



# RANCE KEANE

ABOUT 10 YEARS AGO THE PRIVATE  
SLOOP MERRY MARSHETTE FOUNDLED  
OFF THE LITTLE SOUTH SEA ISLAND  
WHERE HARVEY TORCHER'S TREASURE  
HIDEOUT NOW IS. A VOLCANIC  
JUNGLE JUNGLE IS SUGGESTED  
PART OF THE COASTLINE SO  
RANCE KEANE DOES DIVE FOR  
THE FIRST CLUE ON THE CHART...

"MERRY MARSHETTE! I'VE  
BEEN DOWN HERE LESS THAN  
AN HOUR AND I'VE LOCATED  
THE MERRY MARSHETTE  
ALREADY!"

EXCITED OVER HIS FIND, RANCE  
KEANE'S CAUTION FORSAKES HIM  
FOR A FATAL MOMENT. HE STEPS  
BACK AND HIS LEG IS CAUGHT  
IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP.....

INSTANTLY RANCE STRUGGLES  
RANCE'S HEAD BOUNCES  
AT THE GREAT CLAMP TRYING  
TO ESCAPE. ACCORDING  
TO SOME HANDS ON THE  
BARNACLE-GRAFTED WALL.

GOOD  
NIGHT!

LET ME  
LOOSE! LET  
ME FREE!

BUT RANCE RETURNS. RANCE  
SHAKE ON THE AUTOMATIC  
UNDERSEA TORCH.

"NOW YOU OVERBROWN  
MOUTHRAP OPEN UP OR  
I'LL BURN YOU TO A  
DISPERSED ORDER....."

THE CLAMP GRIPS CRACK, BUT  
BLOOD FROM RANCE'S TONGUE  
ATTRACTS MORE  
SHRETT MONSTERS OF THE  
OCEAN. DREADED BLUE TH SHARK.

WHEN!

RANCE BACKS HASTILY INTO  
THE MERRY MARSHETTE'S  
WRECKAGE FOR SHELTER.  
THE ROTTED PLANKS  
GIVE WAY UNDER LEAD-  
WEIGHTED FEET. DOWN HE  
PLUNGES INTO A DARK CRAWL-  
SPACE.





THE CROWD TENDON ON THE DECK OF THE WHITE BIRD ARE THROWN AND WILD DREAM WHEN RANCHES LINE COME UP. BROODEN ONLY!

GREAT BOAT! BANG! AND HOSE! WE'VE DOWN THERE WITHOUT ANY AIR!

THERE'S ABOUT ONE MAN LEFT IN HIS SUIT. HADN'T WE A MAN DOWN THERE QUICK?

IT'S SUICIDE TO SEND A MAN DOWN NOW. SHARPE!

WE CAN DYNAMITE THEM SHARPE UP TOPPING. IT'D STAY IN LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET RANCH OUTA THERE!



A MINUTE LATER...



LET HARKEN THE BOATMAN BE PLACED ON THE DECK OF THE WHITE BIRD...

THIS IS ALL I COULD SEND DOWN THERE. MR. TORRANCE, ONE OF THE LEAD WEIGHTS OF THE BOAT...

POOR BRACE!

THESE ARE TERRIBLE TO BE DOWN THERE ALONE LIKE THAT!



WHAT IN THE BLUES IS THIS BLUE BLAZER?



I CAN KICK THE OTHER WEIGHT OR MY BOAT NOW. I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO PULL MYSELF OUT OF HERE...



THE DIVERS BUT CERTAINLY NOT GOOD FOR ANYTHING. ANY MORE. I'LL HAVE TO CUT IT OFF...



FROM A HIGH LEDGE IN THE STRANGE, RED-GLOWING UNDERGROUND WORLD TWO WHITE-SKINNED MEN WATCH RANCH WITH PALE, EVIL EYES...

WELL, GAD! WHAT STRANGE FISH WITH THE DEVIL'S CALLIGRAPH THROWN OUT NOW!

IT HATH THE BODY OF A MAN, SHARPE, BUT THE HEAD OF A MONSTER! WE HAD BETT DESTROY IT—AT ONCE!





ONE BLOW  
SHOULD SUFFICE  
BUT HE'S NOT DEAD

MUST BE  
SOME BASTARD  
THOUGHT I  
HEARD A VOICE  
IN THE



CRANG

HEY!



HOLD IT FOR THE  
LOVE OF GOD! WHAT  
ARE YOU TRYING  
TO DO? BEATING  
ON THE HEAD  
OF A MAN? BUT  
MY GOD, COLUMBA!

HE'S DEAD  
BUT NOT

HAVE  
TALK  
ENOUGH  
SCOUNDREL



WELL, EVEN  
THE CREATOR  
WITH THE HEAD  
OF A MAN  
AFTER ALL

WHO'D YOU  
EXPECT? YOU  
THE DOG-BOY?

HE SPEAKS  
WITH THE TONGUE  
OF A MAN TOO  
AFTER ALL



WELL, OF  
COURSE HE'S  
BASTARD!

YOU  
WILL NOT  
JUDGE! THE  
IS THE CREATOR  
WILL TO DESTROY  
AN EVIL SPIRIT!



TAKE THE DEATH  
WOUND TOO! THE  
MUST GO INTO  
THE FISH WITH  
THEY!

ALL RIGHT,  
SO I'M  
WOUND FOR  
THE FISH!  
BUT BEFORE  
I DO, TELL ME  
SOMETHING. WILL  
YOUR LADY WHO  
LIES YOU AND HOW  
DID YOU GET HERE?



AN EARTHQUAKE  
SHAKED US! I AM  
JAMES COLE, FIRST  
MATE OF THE  
DOROTHY SLOOP  
WORTH WARRIOR!

AND I AM  
DANIEL WARRIOR,  
THE GUARD THE  
TREASURE BURIED  
HERE. THE  
SON OF OUR  
GALLANT CAPTAIN,  
BLACK DANIEL WARRIOR!



WELL, WARRIOR, TELL ME THE  
WORTH WARRIOR! YOU WARRIOR  
IN BOY? DANIEL WARRIOR  
WAS YOUR FATHER'S NAME  
AND DO YOU KNOW WHERE  
HE IS NOW?

THOU SPEAKST  
A BASTARD WORD!  
WARRIOR, WARRIOR  
BLACK WARRIOR  
TO TALK TO  
WARRIOR?



DON'T LET THEM TWO BRATTLE ALONE NO TALKS DON'T KNOW... SOME CRIMINAL PROSECUTIONS FROM THE HOT HOLLAND WATERS... ANYWAY, NOBODY'S EVER GOT THEM OR THAT TREASURE MOAN!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON... BUT I'M BORED UP!



# BIG TOP

SMALL  
TOP  
BUTCH

WE'RE GONNA  
GET SOME  
INSURANCE





# WIG TOP





# Introducing

by  
NORRIS  
BENTLEY



SHE  
BECOMES  
SERIOUSLY ILL.





A painting of a woman in a dark dress running through a field of tall grass, with a small figure in the background.

I'M PROTECTING THESE CHILDREN FROM THE DANGER OF YOUR TEACHING! WITH 10 YEARS AND THE TORCH OF LIBERTY!

LET ME GO!







THE NEXT DAY A VAST CROWD  
GATHERS TO THE PRESIDENT'S APPOINTED  
PLANTING FLIGHT



A SWARTZMAN MAN HOLDS AN  
OBJECT IN HIS HAND



IT'S OUR LEADER'S  
WISH - SO DO YOUR  
DUTY BLACK BEAUTY -  
YOU CAN'T  
FLEE

USA'S FLAG WARNS HER OF  
THE IMMINENT DANGER



THE FLAG DROOPS AGAIN.  
THE PRESIDENT IS  
IN DANGER!

A MOMENT LATER THE BOMB  
HEADS FOR THE PRESIDENT  
AND HIS COMPANION



USA DROPS THE FLAG AND  
TURNS OVER THE PRESIDENT



BECAUSE YOU HAVE  
SERVED WELL  
FAITHFUL  
SYMBOLS

THAT NIGHT OTTO FLUBBER  
PLASTERED HIS MIND BEHIND ALL  
PLOTS - HEETS HIS AGENTS



USA FRUSTRATED ALL  
OUR PLANS ON U.S. SOIL -  
THIS TIME  
WE SHALL  
NOT FAIL

WE SHALL  
SINK THE  
"ALTHEA"  
WITH COAL  
NORTH AND  
HIS REAR  
ON US!



LOADED WITH  
A DEADLY  
CARGO THE  
BANDOLIER  
SET OUT



BEING HELD  
IN A HOLE



LOWER THE SPEED  
NEXT AND LOAD  
IT WITH THE  
BOXES OF  
EXPLOSIVE!



THEY QUICKLY UNLOAD THEIR  
CARGO INTO THE SMALL CRAFT.



THE WIND BURNS THE FLAG  
DROOPS. ALBA, HIGH ON TOP  
OF THE ALTHEA, SEES THE  
BOAT APPROACH.



THE HAVIL POWER OF USA'S  
TORCH STOPS THE SPEED-  
BOAT IN ITS COURSE.



YES! AND ALL OTHERS WHO  
DEFEY MY FLAG AND TORCH  
WILL SHARE YOUR FATE!







ON PREVIEW SLITHER INTO THE FUTURE WITH THE GHOST-BREAKING DETECTIVE & COMPANY TO MEET MOVIE GHOSTS OF YOUNG HOLLYWOOD & LEARN THROUGH THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

LEARN YOURS AND FRIENDS AND FELLOW OCCUPANTS OF ACTRESS



"IT'S SORT OF SCIENTIFIC DOCTORS BUT TIME TRAVEL? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!"

"I AM THAT I HAVE TO CONVINCE YOU ZERO!"



ZERO FOLLOWS THE DOCTOR INTO HIS LAB

"THIS MACHINE CARRIES YOU BY MEANS OF DEEPLY ETHER WAVE THROUGH TIME AND SPACE. YOU CAN MEET YET AND EVEN LIVE THROUGHOODLY IN THE DISTANT FUTURE!"



"DO YOU SEE THAT ACTRESS ON MY SCREEN? WATCH! WATCH! YOU WILL SEE THE VIBRATIONS OF YOUR FUTURE REINCARNATION WHEN YOU WILL ENTER THAT UNBORN TODAY!"

"STRANGE! FEEL SOMETHING THAT SOMEHOW!"



AT LAST THE DOCTOR HAS FOUND THE WAY TO A SPACE MACHINE



ON THE WAY DOWN THE DOCTOR HAS FOUND THE WAY TO A SPACE MACHINE

"HELP! THE MACHINERY HAS STOPPED!"









THEY ARE THE ALIENS WHO ARE THE FUTURE!

THEY ARE THE ALIENS WHO ARE THE FUTURE!





THEY'VE BEEN  
KILLED BY  
THE MONSTER  
THAT'S  
KILLING  
THE CITY!  
IT'S AT THE  
MUSEUM!

HERE'S A TASTE  
OF YOUR OWN  
HYDROHEAT!

WELL, WHEN  
YOU'RE THE  
EARTHQUAKE!

THE MONSTER IS STILL  
ZERO & COME TO THE  
RETURNING!

THEY'RE SHOOTING  
THE MONSTER  
ABOUT  
THE BLUES  
TO THE  
MUSEUM!

THE MONSTER, SEE WITHIN THE GARDEN  
MUSEUM, COME TO THE RETURNING  
TO THE BLUES TO THE MUSEUM!

THE MONSTER  
IS STILL  
ZERO & COME  
TO THE  
RETURNING!



THE MONSTER  
IS STILL  
ZERO & COME  
TO THE  
RETURNING!



THE MONSTER IS STILL  
ZERO & COME TO THE  
RETURNING!



THE MONSTER IS STILL  
ZERO & COME TO THE  
RETURNING!

THE MONSTER IS STILL  
ZERO & COME TO THE  
RETURNING!



THE MONSTER IS STILL  
ZERO & COME TO THE  
RETURNING!









# POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY WHITE

by Billie Rose









# DUSTY DANE



DUSTY DANE AND BIG MIKE  
CARRISAN, KNOWN THIEVES  
EXTREMELY ABLE, ARE RECALLED  
SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.



FOUR DAYS WITHOUT ANY  
WIND, AND OUR WATER'S  
GONE, LOOKS LIKE THE  
END OF THE TRAIL, MIKE.



IF THE BREEZE  
WOULD PICK UP WE  
COULD MAKE IT TO  
BLEAK ISLE. MAYBE  
WE COULD FIND  
WATER THERE.



AT LAST! THE SMOOCH  
ING. SUN GOES DOWN  
AND ALL IS SILENT  
ABOARD THE BOAT.



SUDDENLY THE SOUND  
OF JALAPINO SAILS  
ARRIVES JUSTICE.



UNDER FULL SAIL THE  
SCHOONER SPEEDS  
TOWARD BLEAK ISLE.



WEAVE OUT THE  
ANCHOR AND  
WE'LL GO  
ASHORE!

THERE  
IT IS  
DUSTY!



WATER!



WITHOUT WARNING A  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY BLACK FIGURE  
TOWERS OVER THEM.

HEY MIKE  
LOOK!

GLUB  
GLUB  
HUN!













AND WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH THE CELL DOOR APARTS



THAT WAS KNOWN AS BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE!

MAYBE WE CAN MAKE YOUR BOAT BEFORE THEY...

JUST YOUR TUB. IT'S BURNED TO A CINDER! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

SIMPLE! WE'LL TAKE THEM!



THERE'S ABDUL KALAT'S SCON! HE'S GETTING READY FOR A SLAVE RAID!



IT'LL BE A SLAVE RAID ALRIGHT! BUT NOT THE KING HE'S LOOKING FOR! COME ON MIKE!



SOON KALAT'S DECK HEAVES WITH ACTION AS THE FIGHTING FOULE CLEAN HOUSE!

YEA! YOU'RE IT!



THE FIGHT BOWS ABDUL KALAT TO THE DECK!

SAY, MIKE!

YEAH, MIKE! I'LL SHOW YA WHA!



THERE! TAKE YOUR YEARLY BATH WHETHER YOU NEED IT OR NOT!



THE BOAT PUTS OUT TO SEA.

HOW DO YOU EVER GET MIXED UP WITH KALAT, AMBER?



MY FATHER EXPOSED ABDUL KALAT'S SLAVE RING, AND FORCED HIM TO LEAVE ARABIA. HE KIDNAPED ME, AND BROUGHT ME HERE FOR REVENGE.



WE'LL MIKE SET OUR COURSE FOR ARABIA. WE'LL RUN THE MAD-EN HOME!

ARABIA? BOY-O-BOY! THERE OUGHTA BE SOME REAL ACTION THERE!

Follow the exploits of Dusty Dams in the April issue of PEARLINE COMICS.



# Lala Palooza

DEVELOP YOUR OWN  
FANTASY...  
AND GET A  
BOTTLE OF  
BALMO





# Lala Palooza

VINCENT





GHOSTS  
DON'T  
USE GUNS

Captain  
BRUCE

# BLACKBURN

COUNTERSPY

by  
DAVID DICKINSON  
CAPTAIN

HOW DOES THAT  
ASSHOLE NAME  
JACKSON?

I'M THINKING  
YOUR NAME  
ALL RIGHT  
BRUCE.



Captain Bruce Blackburn, author of many  
best-selling spy novels, is now  
in the thick of a new novel  
about a wickedly clever  
spy who is out to  
destroy the world.

BUT THERE'S SOME SORT OF  
A NOT APOOT TO CAUSE  
A DIPLOMATIC BREAK BETWEEN  
AMERICA AND THE UNITED  
STATES.

THANKS I'M  
ON MY WAY TO  
WASHINGTON,  
JACKSON COME  
ON, DUCK!



IT'S A PROBABLY A VERY  
BIG DEAL.

SUCH A BREAK WOULD BE  
BREAKDOWN AT THIS TIME  
WONDER WHAT THE  
SCHEME IS, DUCK?

NO IDEA  
CAPTAIN



AND IF THE CHIEF OF  
POLICE, JACKSON, WOULD  
INTERVIEW THEM?

DEAR OF THE  
DEATH, BRUCE,  
I WOULD GO TO  
SEND FOR YOU?

ABOUT A DAY  
TO CAUSE US  
THINKING  
AMERICA IS  
COLONEL!



EXACTLY. WHY WOULD YOU  
KNOW? LOOK AT THIS NEWS  
RELEASE!



SO THE AMERICAN LEGATION  
WAS BLOWN UP BY AN  
AMERICAN BOMBER, AND

EXACTLY IT  
WASN'T JACKSON  
THAT WAS AN AD-  
VANCE RELEASE  
MAILED BY  
MAYDAY!



LOOK INTO IT, BRUCE! I'VE  
RENTED A HOUSE NEXT TO  
THEIR LEGATION IN EMBASSY  
DOWN. YOU AND JACKSON MOVE  
IN NOW!



WE GOING LIVE THERE,  
CAPTAIN? LOOKS OLD  
AND BROOKE TO ME!

IT YOUR  
AGE, BRUCE!



AT THE HOUSE IN  
EMBASSY DOWN.

ONLY A LOCATION BETWEEN  
THE AMERICAN AND AMERICAN  
LEGATIONS. AND I THINK THE  
REASON FOR THE LATEST MOVE!

ME TOO!





ENTER IN THE HOUSE

CAPTAIN I CAN'T GET A  
COLORED BOY TO CLEAN  
THIS HOUSE! THEY ALL SAY IT'S  
HAUNTED!

YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE THAT,  
DO YOU,  
BOON?

WELL, I OWNED CAPTAIN  
MY MOTHER DIED A HAUNTER  
ONCE, AND THIS HOUSE LOOKS  
SPOOKY!

BOON, SAYS

AND THAT ABOUT

I'M GOING TO BED - SAY,  
WHAT'S THAT CROSS ON  
YOUR DOOR FOR, BOON?

TO KEEP OUT  
GHOSTS CAPTAIN

WHOS THERE? A DEPARTED  
SPIRIT? NO  
THERE IS  
NONE

BOON AND A  
BROWN WHITE BOON

YES NOTHING! YOU  
STAND STILL, WHILE I  
LOOK YOU OVER!

THE GHOST SEEMS  
A BROWN BOON AND  
BOON

BOON THAT  
WON'T  
GO

ABOUT FLOWERS THROUGH  
THE FLOWERS, SMALL FLOWERS

WELL, IT'S  
EMPTY!

CAPTAIN WHAT YOU  
SHOOTING AT?

A GHOST?

A S-B-GHOST?

YES BUT  
DON'T SHOOT!  
LOOK AT THAT  
STINKY GHOST!  
DON'T ALBERT!  
I WONDER  
HOW

SOMEBODY WHO IT'S NO  
SPOOK, HE MIGHTY ANGRY!  
GO GET UP OUT OF  
HERE! DON'T KNOW WHY!



THE NEXT MORNING -

FROM THAT MAINT VENTURE  
CAME INTO THIS ROOM I  
FOUNDED AND WE WERE DONE  
THE ONLY HINDS IS - A  
SECRET PASSAGE! LET'S  
FIND IT!



GOT IT! - SURE! THIS ONE  
SOUNDS HOLOW! LET AN  
ASS!



AN HOUR LATER

HOLD ON! A FEELING OF  
STRENGTH LEADING DOWN!



LET'S JUST  
WHERE WE'RE  
GOING!

THE PASSAGE LEADS IN  
AN ABANDONED TUNNEL...

THIS IS HOW OUR WHOLE  
WENT IN AND OUT!



WHERE THERE'S ONE  
PASSAGE THERE MAY  
BE MORE. LET'S  
LOOK!



AFTER AN HOUR'S SEARCH  
OF THE WHOLE BUILDING

GUICK! HERE'S ANOTHER  
SECRET PASSAGE! COME ON!



WELL, WHAT  
A HOLE!

GOT IT, SURE! THIS TUNNEL  
SHOULD LEAD BOTH THE ANGOLIAN  
AND POLISHMAN LEGATIONS

WHAT'S  
THAT?



BEHIND THE STAIRS  
THERE WAS A PASSAGE  
LEADING TO THE TUNNEL  
OF THE BLOCK.



WIRE! AND NOT LEFT  
BY THE *ELECTRIC*  
COMPANY EITHER!



IT LEADS INTO THAT  
HILL OF EXHAUSTION - (HOLD  
THE ANGOLIAN LEGATION)  
MOVE IT, WILL YOU, SURE!



HOW! LOOK AT THAT!

JUST WHAT I  
EXPECTED!



A LOT OF T.N.T.!









YOU'VE GOT TO MOVE AND  
MOVE STRAIGHT - NOW!

WORK! AND GO! AND MOVE  
A LITTLE!

WHILE  
THAT BOMB  
IS GOING

THAT BOMB! THE BOMB  
WAS GOING TO BE THE  
ONE TO PLANT THE

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

A BOMB! A BOMB! A BOMB!  
BOMB AND BOMB AND  
BOMB AND BOMB!



WHILE THAT A BOMB  
WAS GOING TO BE THE  
ONE TO PLANT THE



WHILE FROM  
THE BOMB

WHILE FROM THE BOMB

WHILE FROM THE BOMB

WHILE FROM THE BOMB



WHILE FROM THE BOMB

WHILE FROM THE BOMB



WHILE FROM THE BOMB

WHILE FROM THE BOMB



WHILE FROM THE BOMB

WHILE FROM THE BOMB

WHILE FROM THE BOMB



WHILE FROM THE BOMB

WHILE FROM THE BOMB





# SAMAR

by  
John  
Chapman

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO  
FIGHTS THE MONSTER  
AND THE MONSTER



THE MONSTER  
IS A  
MONSTER



THE MONSTER  
IS A  
MONSTER



THE MONSTER  
IS A  
MONSTER



THE MONSTER  
IS A  
MONSTER



THE MONSTER  
IS A  
MONSTER







THE MESSAGE  
WAS BEING SHOWN  
I MUST TAKE IT TO  
JENO THE NIGHT  
TO DEAD



DO NOT BE MAD AND FORGET  
THE SUBSTANTIAL HEAD FOR  
JENO CAVE



WHO WILL YOU DEAD  
THEY WILL BE NO IT IS  
A WICKED PLANET



SARAH THIS IS INDEED  
IMPORTANT! I HAVE BEEN  
INFORMED THAT THERE ARE  
TO BE A BOMBING STONES  
AT BULCHO BRIDGE WITH  
AIRCRAFT DEFENSE AT ONCE  
BULCHO BRIDGE A BOMBING  
STONES IT'S NOT FAR FROM  
HERE!



YOU MUST BEADY  
A COME ON TO THE  
BOMBING STONES  
IT'S NOT FAR FROM  
HERE!

THE  
BOMBING  
STONES  
IT'S NOT  
FAR FROM  
HERE!



DO NOT BE MAD AND FORGET  
THE SUBSTANTIAL HEAD FOR  
JENO CAVE



THEY ARE GOING TO BE KILLED BY THE  
TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER  
AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER



THEY ARE GOING TO BE KILLED BY THE  
TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER  
AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER



THEY ARE GOING TO BE KILLED BY THE  
TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER  
AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER



THEY ARE GOING TO BE KILLED BY THE  
TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER  
AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER



THEY ARE GOING TO BE KILLED BY THE  
TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER  
AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER



THEY ARE GOING TO BE KILLED BY THE  
TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER  
AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER



THEY ARE GOING TO BE KILLED BY THE  
TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER  
AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER



THEY ARE GOING TO BE KILLED BY THE  
TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER  
AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER AND THE TIGER













# REYNOLDS

## OF THE MOUNTED

AS TOLD BY  
DANIEL

HONKY TONKS! I'M AN OLD  
FRIEND OF SERGEANT REYNOLDS -  
USED TO BE BLADE ON WOODS  
AND HORSE. I'M NOT HERE  
EVENING TIMES! LATELY I'VE  
SETTLED DOWN TO ENJOY THE  
TOWN LIFE. PEOPLE  
JUST CALL ME OLD  
TOM.

YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THE  
SERGEANT'S CASE IN THIS  
MAGAZINE, BUT I WONDER  
IF YOU KNOW THE STORY OF HOW  
HE CAME TO JOIN THE MOUNTED.

IT'S A STORY FULL OF  
ACTION AND SUSPENSE!  
SO I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT  
IT!

IT ALL STARTED YEARS AGO  
BACK IN THE STATES  
WHERE JIM LIVED ON  
A SMALL FARM.

SOON JIM AND MARY'S WHOLE BEHAVIOR  
WAS BEING WATCHED.

SOMETHING'S UP!  
HERE COMES  
MARY RUNNING  
AND CRYING!

JUST A  
LETTER FROM  
UP NORTH!

JIM GETS THE LETTER WITH  
SHOCKING NEWS.

IT'S A WARNING FROM THE  
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION  
THAT THERE'S  
A CHANCE  
OF FINDING  
JIM!

GOOD  
LUCK  
JIM!

A WEEK LATER JIM WAS ON  
THE MOUNTED RANGING AND  
IT BECAME A LITTLE EASIER  
A TIME IN THE MOUNTS.















# EPIC in BRONZE

BY ROBERT M. HYATT



"Get a man. Get some kind of man for the boy at night."

Perry Kent, wandering through Cranberry Park that rather balmy morning, remembered the words of his father, and grinned. Old Hadkine was a stickler for keeping his fingers on the boy. Oh, well—

Perry was doing a little at night reporting "between cruises" as it were, and so much he should be able to take it as well as the other reporters. He would get a story!

He approached a park bench upon which sat a woman. What a beauty! It was a small little old lady with silver hair and a dash about her shoulders that had sparkly glints in it—like Cranberry and so was. He smiled around the end of the bench and the little old lady smiled a greeting to him.

"Want to get at down, young man?" It's such a beautiful morning.

Perry scratched at his hat and sat down on the other end of the bench. He always felt out of place in the presence of any old ladies. It was because he wasn't accustomed to their company. Most of his life had been spent around ships like his father. But a reporter—

"Spring!" said the little old lady with that very quality in her voice. "It's in the air in the song of birds. It always reminds me of another spring morning many years ago. I was young then, a little little girl. And he was young, and so happy—"

The little old lady paused and

her blue eyes across the lake longingly.

Perry followed her glance and saw, on the other side of the small body of water, a kindly old gentleman, standing on a flower-bordered walk.

"He?" he said. The old lady smiled her eyes away.

"Who says you will see about it, Cranberry?" asked Perry. He knew that the little old lady wanted to talk. It would do her good, he felt.

She did. And here!

It was the last year of the War when he began, and my father had just come home from Richmond wounded. The Yanks had gone through the land burning and destroying everything. They had left us our house. You see, we were about all. Our crops were ruined. Had killed the Yanks and spent a lot of my time collecting things. I was not young then to make things.

One night a company of Germans approached our house at a last gallery and killed outside. There there was a loud knocking on the door. Mother did the door and opened it. There was in the presence of the Yanks came in.

"Colonel Stewart," said one of them. "We have reason to believe that you are hiding a spy in this house. Will you produce him now, or shall we be forced to search the premises?"

His father was standing, unhand gripping the back of a chair for support, the other holding a pistol. He was fearless.

"No bloody Yank is piling

in search of a spy!" he said. "I'll show you where you're at!"

One of the soldiers stepped forward and knocked the pistol out of Father's hand.

"Take it easy, Colonel!" he warned. "We don't want any trouble with you, but if you prefer—"

"It's all right, Colonel Stewart!" The voice came from the other side of the room. A soft, sweet, very pale and whispering voice. A woman entered the room. It was Peggy Landon. He smiled warmly as he came up to



Father and the Yanks. There he held her by hand. "The last time I saw you, Colonel. Thank you. You have done your best. Tell little Peggy goodbye." There he was gone, on the far side of the Yanks.

"Little Girl!" That was it. That thought I was dreaming to my bed, but I was awakened on the very next morning. And now they had taken Peggy. I knew the face of a spy? He'd be dead—Perry! I felt so alone in my father's house.

The next day I was out at the highland parking houses the very morning a grave. He had died the first year of the war. His grave was on a hill a half mile from our house. I was born there, picking the flowers I put on his grave every day when I was behind me and—

"Little lady!"

I turned quickly. There was



thrust green light. "I said 'Yank'! He could shove with his head back! They was losers. I thought a Yank with his head back in the promise of a bath, and that was more in his mind."

"Little lady," he repeated in a slow, stolid voice, "will you give me one of your bright beams?"

My angry heart. He was a Yank! They had taken my Henry. Perhaps his head was almost on their own's hands!

The tall man in the Northern uniform looked all around me, despite folds and slacks, his head north. "The lady of war," he said eventually, "Brother having brother, and for what? May God will that is your wish!" His words came as if he were not surprised at them. Then he looked down at me and smiled. Some of the blue mist or clouds in my eyes, which were blurring.

"Henry?" I got out. "Where is he?"

"Henry?" said the stranger, "and you, who was Henry to little lady?"

I told him, shakingly. He reached down and pulled my hand.

"Little lady, I'll make you a bargain. You give me one of those bright beams and I'll see that your Henry comes back to you."

I held the flower out quickly. He took it and placed it reverently in a little black book. Then he turned, got on his horse, and rumbled up the high road with his men. He turned in the bend of the road and waved to me.

Henry came back to me the next day. He was more the same for his experience, but he named the Yanks just as we

others had done. And somehow, now, his seemed like evilness to me. They were cursing the man who had saved Henry's life! It didn't seem right. When Henry was young enough, he was all an angel's spirit, his own.

I picked the flower for my brother's grave each day, and unconsciously looked for the tall stranger in return. He never did. I wondered who he might be. Certainly he was not like me had been, and Yankers were



then. He was a gentleman. But I never said so around my father.

There were more representations to the south of me, plain, but the fighting was slowing down. At night, they would glow in the skies as the north and east of us, but the soldiers never came to our place again. A sort of unaccountable loneliness came over me. Not that I missed the horrible battles and the wounded men that were taken through by our lines for medical treatment. Not those things. I missed something else. I didn't know what.

Henry returned one night from the mission he had gone on just after he was released by the stranger. He was still being

against the Yanks, and I suppose that was normal and to be expected. But his sharp words against the Southern troops felt like blows upon my heart. I began crying. Henry put his arm about me and shook me.

"What's the matter, baby?" he asked. "You had talking up for the dirty Yanks, are you?"

I didn't answer. I remembered now "dirty Yank" with a slow, stolid voice. I remembered his words: "The lady of war, Brother having brother, and for what? May God will that is your wish!" God had called me. The War was drawing to a close. I felt that the kindly stranger had had a big part in the cessation of hostilities. I even prayed for him each night, along with my parents and Henry. I never told them so, however.

At last the Southern troops were leaving the South. I was at the depot where the big troop train pulled out. I ran along the platform, looking for a face. Then suddenly I saw him. He stuck his head out of the north window and smiled that silent smile that had so much sadness in it. And he waved his hand, as—just like he is now!

Perry realized suddenly that the little old lady had ceased talking and it was twilight and the birds had stopped singing. But there was a song in his heart. He looked across the lake to where the old gentleman stood. But he was gone now—all but his helms hand.

Perry walked toward his newspaper headquarters. He had a story—and how! A beautiful story. Who hadn't he thought of it before? That old gentleman in America—the 12th of February . . . tomorrow was the 12th!

**BOO! JUNGLE DEVIL**  
A PERRY SCOTT THRILLER  
IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF  
**FOOLISH COMICS**  
ON SALE FEBRUARY 26th



# HOMER DOODLE AND SON

Now these splendid  
Bathings are yours  
for 50c a day  
and 10c a day  
for the bath!

Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!



Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!



Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!



Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!

Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!



Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!

Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!



Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!



Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!



Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!



Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!



Now I have  
the bath, but I  
don't have  
the bath!







# RUSTY HAN



OH BOOY - I AM SO











WELL, HOW'S  
HUNTING?

ROTTEN  
FEAT IT  
WOO!



I DON'T REAM ANY ALARM!  
WELL, DON'T THAT A  
GAME SHARE YOU  
HAVE SET UP  
THERE?



THAT'S WHAT YOU TWO  
ARE DOING! IT'S AGAINST  
THE LAW, AND I'M GONNA RUN  
AN' TELL THE GAME  
WARDEN!



LOOKIT  
TH' BOAT  
GO!

WHAT'DNA WAITING  
FOR, GUY  
AFTER HIM?



WELL,  
ONE OF  
THEM IS  
FOLLOWING  
ME!



OHAY  
SHILEY!



WHERE IN  
HECK DO  
HE GO?



HERE  
HE  
COMES!



AND I AM THE HUNTER, I  
SWIFT FROM HIS FEET!



WELL, HOW SHOULD I  
WATER SHARE THAT  
FEEL NOT SO MUCH SHIP



LET'S GO TO THE  
HIDE-OUT  
BEHIND THE  
HILL OF THE  
HILL







**NIPPIE**

NEW  
OPTIC  
VARIETY

THIS NEW VEGETABLE  
STORE MAN MUST BE  
A DOPE 'T I LEAVE A BAR-  
REL OF APPLES OUT-  
SIDE LIKE THAT!



# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

I AIN'T SEEN  
YOUR UNCLE  
PHIL FOR A  
WEEK. MICKEY  
IS HE  
SICK?



NO, TONK, HE  
WENT UP TO  
HILLER'S  
CAMP TWO  
HUNTING.

YOU'D BETTER  
HAVE INDIAN  
JOE GO WITH  
YOU ONL. HE'S  
A CRACK SHOT.



DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT ME,  
MICKEY. I  
CAN SPLIT  
A HAIR AT  
A HUNDRED  
YARDS!



LOW, FALL  
BREAKIN'  
NECK!



AND YOU  
BROUGHT  
A DOG WITH  
YOU. I  
BULLY FOR  
YOU!

OH, YES! TWO  
WOULD HAVE  
BROUGHT  
A DOG WITH  
YOU. I  
BULLY FOR  
YOU!





## MICKY FINN

By LANK LEONARD







## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





**NIPPIE**



# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





# SPIIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS  
by Rex Smith



ON A SMALL, REMOTE, REMOTE ISLAND

IN THE CARIBBEAN, A NEW  
AMERICAN AIR BASE IS  
UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

A GUN, TOTTERING ABOUT  
CURIOUSLY, BUMPS AGAINST  
A BRICK WALL.



WHEN THE GUN DOES INTO THE PALATABLE  
THE GUN DOES NOT STOP.



AND IN THE MEAN  
WHILE, THE GUN  
IS STILL THERE.



QUICKLY THE GUN DOES  
AROUND A CORNER.

THE GUN DOES NOT STOP  
THE GUN DOES NOT STOP  
THE GUN DOES NOT STOP



THE GUN DOES NOT STOP  
THE GUN DOES NOT STOP  
THE GUN DOES NOT STOP



STOP!  
HE IS  
NOT OFF  
FROM  
HERE.



THE GUN DOES NOT STOP  
THE GUN DOES NOT STOP  
THE GUN DOES NOT STOP







NO, IT IS GOING ON THE BUSINESS AT HAND THAT WE HAVE TO NOTICE THE ACTION BEHIND.



QUIETLY AND RESOLUTELY HE IS FIGHTING ON THE BRASS.



THE MAN IN THE STRIPED SHIRT IS



THE MAN IN THE STRIPED SHIRT IS



HE IS IN CHARGE OF THE BASE CONSTRUCTION HERE. I THINK HE IS DETRIMENTAL TO OUR PLANS.



THE MAN IN THE STRIPED SHIRT IS



IT WILL LOOK LIKE ANOTHER CASUALTY.



THE MAN IN THE STRIPED SHIRT IS



THE MAN IN THE STRIPED SHIRT IS





MEANTIME BEN CRIP  
IN THE POWERS OF  
THE SUBTIL CHAPER  
AT HIS BOND.

I'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE. NO  
TELLING WHAT  
THEY'LL DO.  
UNLESS I  
LOOK!



MAYBE IF I CAN  
SHOCK OVER  
THE CASE, ONLY  
A SHADY?



DON'T EVEN KNOW  
WHERE I AM. THAT  
JUST BE THE GALLOPS  
BARE. WE'RE A  
TWO PLANE  
THERE TOO!!



I'LL JUST TAKE  
THE PLANE AND  
GO AFTER THAT  
I CAN ENK  
THE HECUBA!!



FOR SOME REASON  
THEY'VE GOT TO  
BE IN THE CASE  
ON THE BOND.



LOOK!  
CUT OFF  
THE BOND!

WE MUST  
STOP  
HIM!

BUT SOMEHOW  
A CREATON ON HIS WAY



SEE A  
SHIP  
AFTER HIM,  
QUICK!



WOW! THE BOND  
WAS THE BOND  
A BOND. I'LL  
HAVE TO BLOW  
UP THE  
SUBMARINE  
FIRST. THEN  
I'LL DO THE  
HECUBA!



BEN'S SHIP BOND  
INTO A LOW GIVE



BUT SOMEHOW  
A CREATON ON HIS WAY



BUT SOMEHOW  
A CREATON ON HIS WAY





IN THE NEXT MOMENT A THUNDEROUS BLAST AND THE U-BOAT  
IS A SHATTERED MISC.



SWELL!  
A DIRECT  
HIT!

NOW I CAN WIDE  
MY HOME BASE  
COLONEL BOAZEN,  
SHAW CALLING  
COLONEL BOAZEN  
SHAW CALLING  
SEND DESTROYERS  
SIXTY MILES  
OFF CANAL  
EVERY BASE  
THERE  
LATITUDE IS  
LONGITUDE IS



SUDDENLY A PLANE DROPPES  
A BOMB



OH BOY!  
HERE'S WHERE  
I GET ANOTHER  
BAT!



I'LL JUST  
OUTMANEUVER  
HIM!



IF I GET  
HIM IN A  
BLIND SPOT  
WHERE HE  
CAN'T HIT  
ME.

WE MUST BEAT THE PLANE'S  
DROPPED A BOMB



I HIT  
HIM!  
BOOY!



HE MUST BE  
ONLY ONE OF  
A WHOLE MEAN  
OF BOMB  
AT THAT  
MOMENT



AND THESE ARE  
THE DESTROYERS  
THEY'LL FOLLOW  
THE U-BOAT NOW  
MAYBE I CAN  
GET MY AIR  
BASE BUILT!







# READY

THE SENSATIONAL NEW DAISY

1000-SHOT

# RED RYDER

cowboy

# CARBINE

NOT BEARS  
ON STOCK!

There's just one more thing  
that's better than the Red Ryder  
Carbine. That's the fact that  
it's the only one of its kind  
in the world. It's the only one  
that's been around for 25 years.



There's just one more thing  
that's better than the Red Ryder  
Carbine. That's the fact that  
it's the only one of its kind  
in the world. It's the only one  
that's been around for 25 years.



There's just one more thing  
that's better than the Red Ryder  
Carbine. That's the fact that  
it's the only one of its kind  
in the world. It's the only one  
that's been around for 25 years.

14 INCH LEATHER  
CARBINE THONG!

WESTERN  
CARBINE  
BIBBI!

SOME SHOTS!

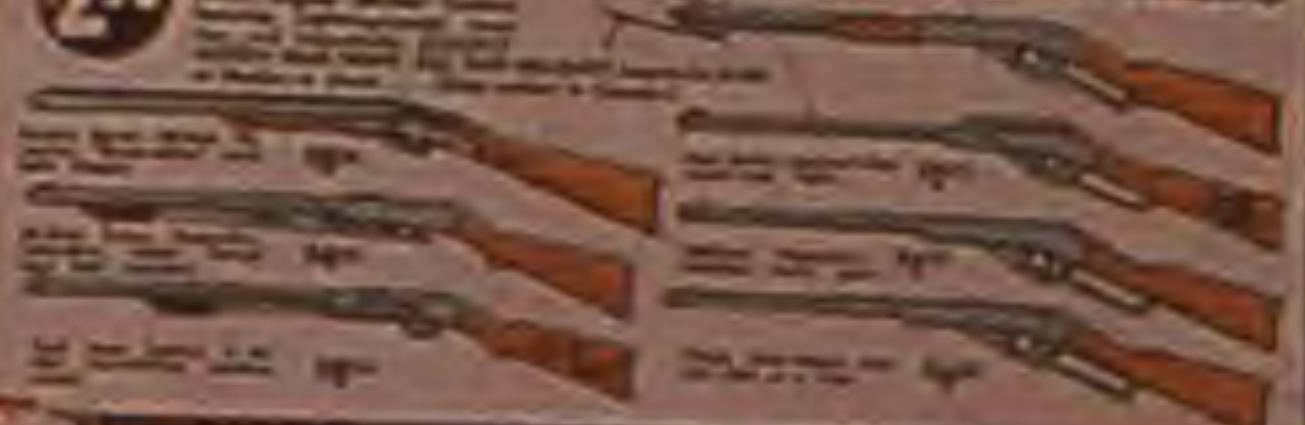
GOLDEN-  
EARED  
BANDOL!

CARBINE  
STYLE FORM-PRICE!

IT'S REALLY YOURS  
for \$2.95  
only

2.50

The Popular 500 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE



5c

THE SHOT RYDER EYE GLASS

FREE  
CARBINE



# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 482 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.